Birthday Suit

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/43249279.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Birthday, Birthday Sex, Cannibalism, Brief Mention Of Police Brutality, Murder, Anal Sex, Sadomasochism, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Biting, Scratching, Coming Untouched, Blood Kink, Long-Term Relationship(s), Masochism, Sadism, S&M, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 17 of Kinktober 2022
Collections:	Kinktober 2022 Collection
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-17 Words: 2,542 Chapters: 1/1

Birthday Suit

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

It's Hannibal's birthday, and Will bakes him a special cake using human blood to reveal that he knows about the cannibalism.

That's not the only gift Will's willing to give… when Hannibal wants to explore their combined sadomasochism in the bedroom, he's happy to provide.

Kinktober Day 17: Sadomasochism

Notes

I've seen the term "sadomasochist" used in different ways but in this fic I'm using the to term to describe "someone who gets sexual pleasure from sadism (= hurting people) and from masochism (= being hurt)" (Cambridge Dictionary)

I've seen it used just to describe the relationship between a masochist and a sadist, and I'm sure that's what the prompt implies, buttttt I wanted to write it this way, so I did!

See the end of the work for more notes

Birthdays were never something special to Hannibal, until Will came along. He loves to celebrate his twitchy little FBI profiler's life. It's precious, and fragile.

Birthdays are a reminder of mortality, of aging, and our inevitable end. None of that has ever bothered Hannibal, not since he started to heal when he first came to the States. He's accepted and embraced the ever living presence of death in his life, introduced to him as a young boy.

Will doesn't make a big deal out of birthdays, never has, and he can only see himself making a big deal, if it was his kids birthday. He'd want them to feel special the way his dad had tried to each year on his birthday.

But he's forty seven and without kids, in a long term relationship with a cisman. There was little chance a child would be in his life anytime soon.

He likes to bake for Hannibal's birthday each year. Just a small cake for the two of them to share. He ensures to use high quality ingredients, and to clean and sanitize the kitchen the minute he's done with it.

This year, he's made a German chocolate cake from one of Hannibal's own cookbooks he keeps on the shelves. They've collected dust now. Will knows that most of Hannibal's recipes are hand written on little cards, ingredients adjusted to his liking… to his tastes.

Will discovered The Ripper's cannibalistic tastes long ago, the epiphany coming to him shortly after he and Hannibal became intimate.

This is why Will has substituted the eggs in both the cake, and the frosting, with human blood.

He's unsure how it will taste, if it will even be any good, but he has something to tell Hannibal, and he can't think of a better way. This secret has been kept too long.

When Hannibal returned from work, he cooked a lovely dish of lamb, and served it to Will on a silver plate. Though, after tasting the 'lamb', Will could tell that it was not. Hannibal served him human, just as he frequently did.

After the delightful dinner, Will brought out the small cake he had prepared from the fridge.

Hannibal smiled gratefully for the kind gift, and accepted Will's kiss when he served him a slice.

Will watched in anticipation after he served himself a slice, taking his seat again. Hannibal made eye contact and Will encouraged him to try it with a wave of his hand.

Hannibal took a small piece onto his fork and balanced it up to his mouth. Will watched in awe as the piece disappeared into his mouth. This would change everything between them. Hannibal would finally know if he didn't already suspect. He wouldn't have to lie to Will anymore.

“This is a unique flavor for German chocolate. If I may ask, what’s in it?”

Will just looks up at him and raises his first bite into his mouth, savoring the moist cake, it’s quite.. metallic. Hannibal can’t possibly be serious, the frosting turnt red from all the blood for fuck’s sake!!

“Will?”

Will set his fork down with a clatter, moving quickly to crowd Hannibal in his space. He straddled Hannibal’s lap, something he normally wouldn’t do at the dinner table. It’s quite rude.

“I substituted blood for eggs.”

“Oh? Am I out of eggs? You could’ve just informed me mylimasis.” Hannibal raises his hand to pet down Will’s jaw, still playing dumb.

“I thought this much better suited you.” Will leaned towards his lover, lips just inches away as he whispered slowly, “Hannibal… the Cannibal.”

“This isn’t pork’s blood.” Hannibal admitted what he already knew, looking into Will’s eyes for any signs of resentment. All he found was understanding and admiration.

“I know you’ve been feeding me people.” Will stated matter-of-factly, “For a very, very long time.”

Their lips are practically touching when Hannibal smiles. “What a cunning boy you are.”

“Happy birthday, Hannibal.” Will whispered to him before he connected their lips, pushing against him in a heated kiss. He almost considered pulling back and retreating to let Hannibal finish his cake, but thinks better of it.

He recalls the single bite that he had taken himself. It definitely wasn’t up to Hannibal’s standards, and that’s alright. It was the thought that counted after all.

Hannibal kisses back with the same fervor, his hands sliding down to rest at Will’s hip, keeping him stable as his mouth pushes against him.

Will groans and finds himself palming for Hannibal’s suit buttons, not willing to give up the kiss just yet, but wanting to progress this event.

Hannibal's hands start to knead Will’s flesh where they rest on his hips, pulling his formal shirt out from where it’s tucked into his pants. They find their way under his shirt and they meet soft, heated skin.

Hannibal can’t help but dig his nails in. Will gasps from the sharp, sudden pain, breaking apart from the kiss. His gasp turns to a groan when Hannibal squeezes harder, digging his nails in farther to Will’s meaty, muscled flesh of his hips.

Hannibal hums his satisfaction, a spark igniting in his belly as he watches Will's pained expression turn to one of desperation. "Please-"

"Where did the blood come from?" Hannibal speaks against Will's neck, pressing soft kisses into the skin that's starting to perspire.

He lifts his right hand and brings it down in a sharp slap when he doesn't get an immediate answer. This pulls another groan from kiss swollen lips.

"He was a fellow officer I knew from the NOPD named Clement Mullins," Will started, climbing out of Hannibal's lap as he continued, listing his offenses, "Wife-beater, animal abuser, homophobe.. and above all he abused his power as an officer to brutally murder innocent people of color. He was a true pig. And now, he's serving a greater purpose."

Hannibal looked at his lover in awe, the way his voice turned to venom as he described this man made his heart flutter.

What a wonderful dark side Will Graham has.

Hannibal stood to join Will when he reached out for his hand, which he gave over easily. Everything with Will was always easy, because it's easy to be with him. It's easy to love him.

Will Graham understands him, accepts him, and that's the greatest gift he's ever received.

Hand in hand, Will leads the way to Hannibal's bedroom. He only pauses to close the door behind them before tackling Hannibal on the bed.

Will takes his time undressing Hannibal, stripping him all the way down to his birthday suit. He's tender and gentle when removing most of his clothes, but still makes Hannibal shiver when he yanks on his chest hair, and pinches the skin of his tender thighs.

"What will it be tonight, birthday boy?" Will asks with a smile, removing himself from the bed to stand and strip himself, giving Hannibal a bit of a show while he does.

Hannibal couldn't help but smile at the ridiculous name, but he looks Will dead in the eyes and speaks the honest truth of what he wants for his birthday sex.

"I want to hurt you."

Will pauses, not expecting such an answer. "Have I done something to deserve pain that I'm not aware of?" Will questions, furrowing his eyebrows as he slips off his boxers, leaving himself fully nude.

"You didn't let me finish, wonderful boy."

"Oh- I'm sorry, continue, please." Will urges, completely not realizing that Hannibal had more to add.

"And I want you to hurt me." Hannibal explained.

Will doesn't understand. Why does Hannibal want this?

"I want to see your inner sadomasochist come out, Will. I want to see your pleasure from hurting, and being hurt." Hannibal explains, smoothing out the sheet as he patiently waits for Will to join him again on the mattress.

Will moves slowly to sink down onto the mattress beside Hannibal's naked frame, "I'm happy to oblige, especially since it's your birthday… but I don't understand. You've seen both my sadism and my masochism already."

"Ah, but not at the same time." Hannibal leaned up to kiss Will's cheek, "You've only received cruelty, and only been cruel in separate events. I want to see if you'll allow both to coexist."

"Is that what we are? Sadomasochists?" Will had never had a word for what he was, he enjoyed both deeply, so he couldn't ever call himself purely a sadist, or only a masochist.

"It's one term, yes." Hannibal explained.

Will leaned down to kiss Hannibal's collarbone, not moving from where he rests to look up at Hannibal and whispers with a smile on his face, "I want to try it."

Hannibal's sadistic smile is expected, but still knocks the breath from Will's lungs. He lunges up to capture Hannibal's lips, yet again tackling him and straddling him on the bed.

This time, Hannibal's erect member is able to poke up against his back and butt. Will smirks when he reaches back, giving it a few dry strokes that makes Hannibal's back arch.

Hannibal pulls his nails down Will's back in response, causing a small gasp at the long stroke of pain it leaves.

"This feels equally a gift to me as it does to you." Will laughs out when he reaches for the lube on the nightstand. If it were truly up to him, he would take Hannibal dry, make it truly hurt, but Hannibal knows how risky that can be. It would make the Doctor very upset knowing he tore his lover's anus because they didn't use enough lube.

Will reaches back with a lubed hand to find Hannibal's dick once again. He spreads the cold liquid along the entire length, and smiles when Hannibal's lips part in pleasure, small pants finding their way out of his mouth as Will strokes him.

Once Will deems Hannibal slick enough, he lines himself up and watches Hannibal watch him.

Will forces the tip in and groans in pain, it isn't often that Hannibal lets him take him without any prior preparation. He remembers Hannibal's words about how he wants Will to hurt him as he's hurting, so he grabs two big handfuls of Hannibal's chest hair.

Hannibal groans as his hair is pulled, and he does his best to keep completely still, though he can't help but sooth Will through the pain with soft rubbing motions on his flexed thighs.

Will thinks he might pull out Hannibal's chest hair if he continues, so he takes to pounding one of his fists down against Hannibal's pec instead. He sinks down farther into the thick dick inside of him, and hisses through his teeth.

Hannibal's groan is less from the pain of the blows he's reviving to his chest, and more from the pleasure of the combined pain and warm heat clenching around his dick. It's sweet torture.

Will readjusts his arms, straightening them so he can sit up on the length he's taking inch by inch. Hannibal can now see that Will's over half way down, and that there's no blood. Which is a relief.

Will moves his hands to the skin over Hannibal's ribs, and digs his nails in as he slams the rest of the way down Hannibal's cock. He nearly folds over with the pleasant pain, his hole so widely stretched and aching.

Hannibal's eyebrows furrow and he lets out a pained moan at the force being applied to his ribs, and the sharp nails digging into the skin there.

Hannibal is genuinely concerned that Will might crack one of his ribs, so even though the pain is tolerable, he puts a stop to it.

He pulls Will's hands off of him with necessary force, and flips them over quickly so he's pinning Will to the bed under him.

"Sh-hit. Was that too much?" Will hissed through his teeth, the movement of their bodies causing Hannibal dick to shove further into his body, stretching his rim impossibly wider.

"It was perfect." Hannibal assured, leaning down to bite at Will's throat. "Absolutely perfect, just too risky."

Will groaned as Hannibal pulled out slightly, and moved his hands to claw at his back, pulling his body closer.

One of Hannibal's favorite forms of pain during sex has always been this, nails leaving angry marks down his wide back.

His other, Will demonstrates a second later.

He sinks his teeth into the hard flesh of Hannibal's shoulder, and starts to suck insistently. Hannibal gasps and forces his hips back into Will's tense body.

Hannibal's hand finds its way into Will's curly locks, grabbing near the skull and pulling, hard and rough. It's a nice distraction to the pain of Hannibal pulling out again and snapping his hips back to meet Will's thighs with a harsh slap.

Will's jaws release as he moans, and he glances at his work for a moment, there's a very obvious bite mark with an avid suck bruise in the middle. What a wonderful sight.

Will's nails bite into Hannibal's ass as he encourages the rough treatment to his hole. It feels so fucking good, the pain melting now that he's had a minute to adjust to Hannibal's thick, long cock.

"So fucking good," Will moans when a particularly hard thrust meets his ass, his walls stretching tenderly to accommodate the new places that Hannibal is managing to reach. "I'm not gonna last like this, Han."

Hannibal's responding moan is pure sex, filthy and erotic as his hold on Will's hair tightens.

They both very much like exploring this sadomasochism that they share. It never felt like enough when it was just one inflicting the pain, and one receiving it all.

But this feels fucking mind blowing.

Hannibal fucks into Will like his life depends on it, and Will can do nothing more than hold on for dear life. His nails have surely drawn blood, because Hannibal's back is much more wet than if he was only sweating.

Will groans at the thought, and suddenly he can't hold back any longer, he tries to utter a warning, but finds that his words won't come to him.

He releases hot and heavy onto his own stomach, his cock bobbing with how hard Hannibal is fucking him.

Will's noises are wanton and just what Hannibal needs to fall off over the edge. He shoots his load inside Will on one final thrust, his cock pulsing as it spills.

Will keens at the feeling, Hannibal is coming so deep inside him that he feels like he's truly being stuffed. He's so fucking full.

He basks in the feeling as he pets up and down his bloodied, sweaty back as the older man comes down from his orgasm.

He pulls out of Will, and climbs off of his relaxed body to flop onto his side right next to him.

He reaches his hand up to play with Will's sweaty locks that his hands had just been tugging on. "Thank you for the wondrous gifts, mylimasis."

Will turns to look at Hannibal and smiles wide, he can't help himself when he leans over to place a kiss on his lips.

"Happy birthday, Han. You're the best gift the world has ever gotten."

End Notes

comments and kudos (are my only motivators 😭) FUEL MY SOUL, I MEAN

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